



The bouncy house of Terror.



16 1 2

Chapter 1 by Samuel Mondi

When I was in 3rd grade I went to my friend's party/ cookout and there was a bouncy house with little kids. Me and my friend went in the bouncy house and jumped a lot. when I was tired I sat down in the bouncy house.

Then me and my friend started to see the roof of the bouncy house slowly going down but it was going to come down before we knew it.

Me and my friend were trying to get all of the kids out but then my friend got the last kid out and it was very close from our view and it was about to come down on us. We have to get out said my friend but he got out before me and I was stuck there alone and ready to face my fear of losing oxygen.

I was there for a long time but my right hand stuck out and I pulled myself out before my very eyes everyone was begging for me to come out.

But then I was on my both feet knowing that god has gave me a chance of living again.

PS. Just to remind all of who read this that the reason I said the word (Friend) is because I would think he would want to stay unknown.

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Chapter 2 by Anissa Knight



Then I met a walrus.

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